To faſt, to ſtudy, and to ſee no woman:
Flat treaſon againſt the Kingly ſtate of youth.
Say, can you faſt? your ſtomacks are too young.
And abſtinence ingenders maladies.
And where that you haue vowd to ſtudie (Lords)
In that each of you haue forſworne his Booke.
Can you ſtill dreame and pore, and thereon looke.
For when would you my Lord, or you, or you,
Haue found the ground of ſtudies excellence,
Without the beautie of a womans face,
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue,
They are the Ground, the Bookes, the Academs,
From whence doe ſpring the true *Promethean* fire,
Why, vniuerſall plodding poyſons vp,
The nimble ſpirits in the arteries,
As motion and long during action tyres
The ſinnowy vigour of the traueller.
Now for not looking on a womans face,
You haue in that forſworne the vſe of eyes,
And ſtudie too, the cauſer of your vow.
For where is any Author in the world,
Teaches ſuch beautie as a womans eye:
Learning is but an adiunct to our ſelfe,
And where we are, our Learning likewiſe is.
Then when our ſelues we ſee in Ladies eye,
With our ſelues.
Doe we not likewiſe ſee our Learning there?
O we haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Liege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out,
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauties tutors haue inricht you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therfore finding barren practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauie toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all Elements,

Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power.
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices,
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blind.
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound.
When the ſuſpitious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snailes:
Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bacchus* groſſe in ta
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules*?
Still climing trees in the *Heſporides*.
Subtill as *Sphinx*: as ſweet and muſicall
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the God
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write.
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparkle ſtill the right Promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Academes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in ought proues excellent.
Then fooles you were, theſe women to forſwear
Or keeping what is ſworne, you will proue fool
For wiſdomes ſake a word, that all men loue:
Or for loues ſake, a word that loues all men.
Or for Mens ſake, the author of theſe Women:
Or Womens ſake, by whom we men, are Men.
Let's once looſe our oathes to find our ſelues,
Or elſe we looſe our ſelues, to keepe our oathes:
It is religion to be thus forſworne.
For Charitie it ſelfe fulfills the Law:
And who can ſeuer Loue from Charitie.

Kin. Saint *Cupid* then, and Souldiers to the

Ber. Aduance your ſtandards, and vpon them
Pell, mell, downe with them: but be firſt adui